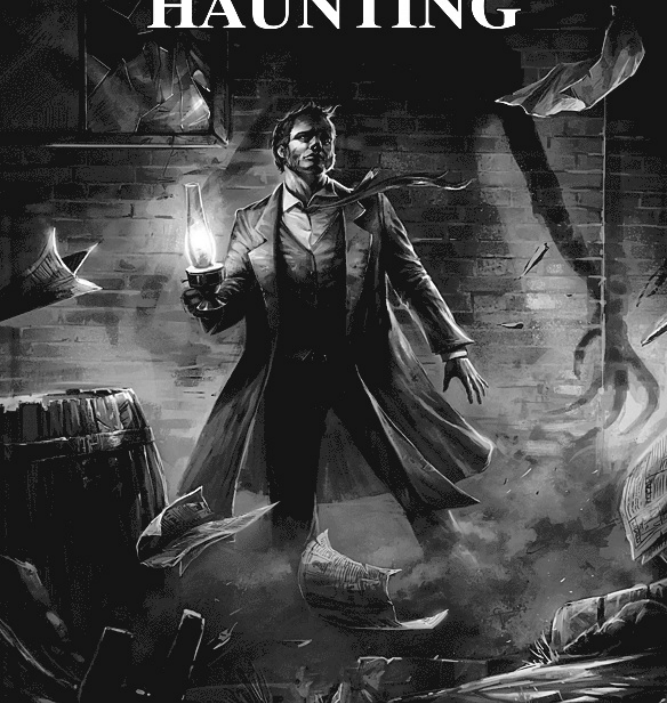


VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

EDGAR ALLAN POE HAUNTING







1800
 Translation & Retext

SOSICH

Scan Preparation

BATAB

Cover Workup

V2



EDGAR ALLAN POE

HAUNTING

Text  LOUIS

Art  BASTIEN ORENGE & THOMAS VERGUET

Colors  VERONIQUE DAVIET

Front Cover  GRZESIEK KRYSINSKI

1800



BOSTON, 1827.

NOT I'M NOT
SERVING YOU ANOTHER
DROP!

NOT UNTIL YOUR SETTLE
YOUR DEBT. LONG AS THE THIRD LEG
WHICH GOD THE FATHER GAVE ME!

AAAARGGLL!

FUCKING DRUNKARD!
HE CRUSHED MY FAMILY
JEFFREYS!

GET THAT
THING OUT OF
HERE!

IF YOU HAVEN'T
GRASPED THE
MESSAGE, IT MEANS:

COME BACK WHEN YOU CAN
SETTLE WHAT YOU OWE. OR HELL
SKIN YOU ALIVE!

ASSHOLE.

FEW HOURS LATER...

HMM...

OUT HIM... I HAVE TO...
OUT HIM...

NNAH?

WHAT?

BACK, MONSTER!

YOU WON'T HAVE
ME! I'LL EVISCERATE
YOU!

AAAAHHHH!!!
WHAT IS THIS?

DO YOU HEAR
ME?!

I'LL SEND YOU BACK TO
THE ABYSS FROM WHICH
YOU SHOULD HAVE NEVER
COME OUT. I WILL...

SIST PLEASE,
I BOO YOU!

YOU WERE DELICIOUS
FOR HOURS. YOU WERE
TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP,
AND YOU GAVE ME ONE
HELL OF A FRIGHT!

I DON'T WANT TO HURT
YOU! I JUST WANTED TO
WAKE YOU UP...

TO MAKE IT
STORY!

WHAT
ARE YOU
SAYING?

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! WHAT AM I DOING HERE ON THIS FILTHY STREET?

ANSWER ME!

YOU... YOU WERE KICKED OUT OF THE PUB... AND... AND... I PULLED YOU FAR FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD TO...

UNTIL YOU... WELL, SO THAT YOU'RE NOT CRUSHED...

AND YOU'VE BEEN TELLING ALL SORTS OF DARK STORIES SINCE THEN!

WITH MONSTERS AND...

I'M TELLING YOU, I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING!

THIS TELLS ME THAT YOU LIE!

YOU LIE! DRUNKARD!

NONSENSE... THESE OUTCASTS ARE THE SCUM OF OUR SOCIETY!

THEY'RE HAPPY WITH ASKING US FOR CHARITY NIGHT AND DAY RATHER THAN TO LIVE THEIR FILTHY LIFE TO WORK AND EARN A HONEST WAGE. THEY WOULD LIKE MORE...

NNNN...

MY HEAD IS SPINNING... E...

BEEAAA



BUY THE BOSTON CHRONICLER!

NEW SORDID MURDER IN OUR PORT DISTRICT!

THE POLICE IS UNDER GREAT PRESSURE! THEY DON'T HAVE A TRACE...



YOU WANT TO KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT THE INVESTIGATION? BUY...

HEY!

THAT'S TWO CENTS!



KLING



YEAH, YOU GOT LUCKY.

NEXT TIME I'M CALLING THE POLICE!



GOOD DAY, MR. JOE! HOW ARE YOU?

YOU DON'T LOOK WELL!



I...

MUM... MY DEAR ELEANOR, I THINK YOU'RE TALKING TO A WALL.



DISRESPECTFUL LOU! THIS IS THE LAST TIME I'VE ADDRESSED THIS GAF.



STAR LIGHT, STAR
BRIGHT, THE FIRST
STAR I SEE TONIGHT...*



...I WISH I MAY, I WISH
I MIGHT, HAVE THE
WISH I WISH TONIGHT.



STAR, STAR...

WHAT?



A WISH YOU SAY,
BEAUTIFUL CHILD?

WHAT IS IT?
TELL ME.



I WILL
GRANT IT.

*AMERICAN NURSERY RHYME.





YOU'D BE THERE TO
PROTECT ME IF THIS
HAPPENED. ISN'T
THAT TRUE?



CERTAINLY! CERTAINLY!
BUT I WOULDN'T WANT
TO... LOSE YOU TOO
EASILY AS MY... AS MY...



LIKE FRED,
COUSIN EDGAR?

HAVE YOU LOST
SOMEONE? A
LOVER?



BE SILENT, RECKLESS
CURIOUS GIRL!



COUSIN? WHAT'S
HAPPENING TO
YOU? YOU'VE
HURT ME!



HURT, YOU SAY?
"HURT?"

WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF
PAIN? OF WOEF? YOU SPEAK
ABOUT THE LOVES OF A
LOVED ONE AS THAT OF A
CANDY BAR?

I LOST MORE
THAN A LOVER!



I LOST THE ONLY
WOMAN THAT A MAN
NEVER REALLY
LOVES!

I LOST...



...MY MOTHER...



...SO MUCH.

YOU HAVE NOT
BEEN GOOD, MY
SON...

DON'T DENY IT, I
KNOW EVERYTHING
ABOUT YOU.

DO YOU REALLY DESERVE
THAT I SPEAK TO YOU TODAY?

OR SHOULD I PUNISH
YOU FOR ALL THIS
MISDEEDITY?

LOOK AT
YOUR LIFE...

... YOU KNOW!
IT'S NOT WORTH
ANYTHING!

ARE YOU LISTENING?
DO YOU HEAR ME?

YES, I'M TELLING YOU
THE TRUTH, MY SON.

I'M SO TIRED OF
SEEING YOU FAIL IN
THIS LIFE
I GAVE YOU.

TIRED OF HAVING TO MARK
THE SAME THING AGAIN
AND AGAIN. MAKE YOUR
MOTHER PROUD OF YOU!

ARE YOU
LISTENING? DO
YOU HEAR ME?





WHAT WAS THAT?

OH, THAT...



THAT'S MISTER
MOUSQUE WHO WANTS
TO COME IN.



HE WILL WAIT A LITTLE
UNTIL YOU SETTLE WHAT
YOU OWE ME FOR THIS
CONSULTATION, DAUGHTER!

THE SAME RATE
AS USUAL?

CAN I PAY THIS
TIME?



TSS, TSS, TSS. YOU
KNOW THAT MONEY
MATTERS LITTLE TO ME
AND THAT YOU MUST
PAY ME IN KIND!

OH! YOU MEET YOUR
PANTS, DEAR CHILD?
VERY TOUCHING!



I HAVE TO WASH YOU
BEFORE YOU TAKE CARE
OF ME!

NO, IT'S WRONG, I...

NO, NO... I'VE ALREADY
TOLD YOU THAT I WANTED
YOUR MOTHER.

NEVERTHELESS, I SEE HER
WHEN YOU SWEAK.

YES, BECAUSE SHE'S SENT
TO YOU THROUGH MY
TRANCES.

BUT ONCE THESE
SIZE FINISHED, YOU
OBSERVE YOUR BODY OF
YOUNG PASSIONATE
MAN TO ME!

COME, FOLLOW ME TO A
MORE INTIMATE PLACE.
OUT OF SIGHT OF MY
MISCHIEVOUS COMPANION...



MISTER MOUSQUE IS A
JEALOUS LOVER!



SEE YOU VERY SOON, DARLING.
YOUR PAYMENTS IN KIND ARE OF
SUCH QUALITY THAT I SHOULD
OFFER YOU A CONSULTATION.

BUT THEN I WOULD BE
DEPRIVED OF YOUR
IMPERTINENT IMPULSES.
WHAT I HARDLY WANT!



EVEN MISTER MORQUE
CAN'T VIOLATE ME THE
SAME WAY AS YOU'VE JUST
SATISFIED ME IN MY BED!

YOU HAVE A GIFT OF
CHILDISH INNOCENCE
THAT MAKES YOU RELIEVE
EVERYTHING I TELL YOU
YOU HAVE ENCOURAGE AND
PURE SEXUAL PERFORMANCE
OF ALPHA MALES!



OH YES, YOU'RE
A BEAST. A BEUTE.
MR. SODAKE.



TO MY GREAT
DELIGHT, YOU'RE
AN ANIMAL!



MY NEXT CLIENT WILL
HAVE A GREAT DEAL OF
DIFFICULTY TO COMPARE
TO YOU.



GREAT INDEED.



ALPHA MALE FEELS THE STING.



FOR NOW...

FOR NOW...

L'Homme est ce qu'il montre
Schr Schr Schr Schr Schr

I AM ALPHA AND
OMEGA.

mais aussi tout ce qu'il dissimule
Schr Schr Schr Schr Schr

TAP
TAP
TAP

BLACK AND
WHITE.

THE HOLDER OF FULL POWER
OVER MY CREATIONS.

THE ONE WHO GIVES
THEM LIFE.

THE ONE WHO ENJOYS
TO SEE THEM BECOME...

...WHAT HE
WROTE.

WHAT HE
CHOSE.

SPR
IGH

THE CREATION IS A
PROCESS OF LIFE.

THE CREATION IS MY
PROCESS. AND ITS
VISCERAL... WHAT
AM I SAYING? VITAL!



YES, NECESSARY FOR MY SURVIVAL,
AND YET, AT THE SAME TIME, IT'S THE
SAME THING THAT DESTROYS ME. SATS
AWAY AT ME, MAKES ME A WANDERING
SHADE... LIKE IN A DREAM.

CRA
CRA
CRA



THIS VILE BEING, WHICH
I DON'T UNDERSTAND AND
WHICH IS FOLLOWING ME
LIKE GHOST.



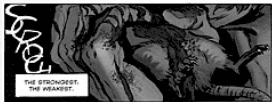
CREATURE OF THE
NIGHT, OUT OF TOUCH
WITH THE WORLD.



EMACIATED GHOST THAT
FEEDS ON WHATEVER IT
FINDS AROUND IT.



CARRION
AGAINST
CARRION.



Script

THE STRONGEST,
THE WEAKEST.



WHAT DAY? WHAT
NIGHT?

I AM ALPHA AND
OMEGA.

AND I HAVE
TO DIE TO LIVE
THIS LIFE.



...AND THE DAY
TAKES PLACE.

SMILES FACE
AND ANOTHER
RESTLESSNESS APPEARS.



ONE OF THOSE THAT ARE BINDING
THE MODERN CIVILIZATION.

EACH HAS TO FIND A PLACE, HIS
PLACE. OTHERWISE HE WILL BECOME
A REDUCED, RUBBISH.



ACCORDING TO IMPROBABLE
INDUSTRIOUS MECHANICS, THE
CITY MAKES ITS AWAKENING.



EACH TO HIS WORK,
EACH TO HIS POST.



WORKING MEN AND WOMEN GIVE
SENSE TO THIS ANTHILL.



THERE'S NO PLACE
FOR INDIVIDUALS.

THESE LAST ONES, HARMFUL TO THE
GROUP, MUST BE CONFINED,
BROKEN AND THEN ELIMINATED.



MR. DOE, YOUR MAIL AND MANUSCRIPTS OF THE DAY.



YOU HAVE A LOT OF IT, LIKE EVERY DAY.

YOUR REVIEWS OF NOVELS GENIUSES SO MUCH ENVY THAT MANY WANT TO CONVINCE YOU OF DISCONTENT! IT'S TRUE THAT YOUR FEATHER IS DEEMED... INGENUOUS.



WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

I DID MY JOB, AND I SAY WHAT I THINK OF THIS BUNCH OF NOVELISTS WHO ARE GOOD ONLY TO WRITE OBSTACULAR COLUMNS WHO PRIDE THEMSELVES ON LITERARY ENVY, WHO ARE TAKEN FOR MISUNDERSTOOD GENIUSES OF WRITING.

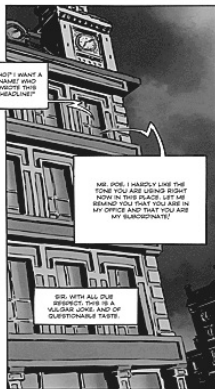
I DON'T PAY ATTENTION TO THEIR ENVIELLING AND THEIR...



MR. DOE, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



WHAT IS THIS?



FOUR DAYS OFF,
WITHOUT PAY!







THE REALITY IS A FARSE BECAUSE IT
SUITS ONLY THE ONE WHO INVENTS
IT. I KNOW. IT'S MY JOB. MY GIFT. MY
BURN. MY DAMNATION. WRITE
REALITIES AS ARTIFICIAL TRUTHS.

MY TALENT IS TO MAKE THEM CREDIBLE.
TO MAKE READERS PLUNGE AND WITHDRAW
IN SHIVER AND FLOOD. I'M A MASTER OF
ILLUSION AND UNSPEAKABLE HORRORS.



HOWEVER, A MASTER
CAN'T BE SUBJECTED TO A
REALITY WHICH HE DOESN'T
CONTROL! WHAT IS THIS
REALITY IN WHICH I AWAKE
THIS DAY? CERTAINLY
NOT MINE!



BUT SCENES ARE FAMILIAR...
ATAVISTIC, AS FROM MY
OWN PSYCHE.



HERE ARE TWO
INVENTED FACETS,
TWO GENERATED
IMAGES...



...THAT MARKED UP
ON THE SHORE OF MY
DESTINY.



I'M LOVING MY MIND.
...HOW IS THIS...
POSSIBLY? WOULD IT BE
PURE COINCIDENCE THAT
TWO MURDERS LEAD TO
TWO TITLES, STRAIGHT
FROM MY IMAGINATION?



NO, IT CAN'T BE.
LIGHTNING NEVER
STRIKES THE SAME PLACE
TWICE!

I HAVE TO MAKE
THIS CLEAR, WITH THE
MEANS THAT ARE MINE:
WRITING!



SCAR
RICH

...YES, WRITING! ONLY
THINGS MOTHER NATURE
HAS GIVEN ME.

I'M NEITHER BEAUTIFUL, NOR
RICH. I'M ONLY GOOD WITH
THE WRITTEN LANGUAGE.
HANDLE IT, TRANSCEND IT,
GIVE IT LIFE AND SOUL.

I'M ALSO THE BEST TO PEEL THE ROUGH
DRAFTS THAT SOME PEOPLE CALL BOOKS,
AND WHICH THEY SEND ME IN THE FORM OF
MANUSCRIPTS, TO ASSEMBLE WORDS AND
MAKE SENTENCES AND PUT THEM ON PAGES
IS NOT ENOUGH TO MAKE A BOOK IN THE
END. OH, NO! ONE NEEDS SOMETHING THAT
FEW PEOPLE HAVE: TALENT.

I HAVE THAT IN ABUNDANCE, AND I'M
BEING BLAMED FOR NOT REVEALING IT TO
ANYONE, OR ALMOST ANYONE. BUT I PAY NO
ATTENTION TO THE HATRED GENERATED BY
MY CRITICISMS. I SAY WHAT I THINK.

SO NATURALLY, MY FIRST SUSPICION
ABOUT THE AFFAIR OCCUPYING MY MIND
RIGHT NOW LEANS STRONGLY ON ONE OF
THOSE TURNED AWAY FROM THE VESSEL.

A DEPRESSSED PERSON,
AN ADVENTURER AUTHOR WHO I WOULD
HAVE OFFENDED... BUT HOW COULD
SUCH AN INDIVIDUAL, WHOSE NAME
HAS THE INTELLIGENCE TO COMMIT
A SIMILAR MISDEED, COULD FIND
NOT ONE, BUT TWO TITLES ON
WHICH I WORK?

ALL THE MORE IMPOSSIBLE
SINCE MY DOOR HAS NEVER
BEEN KICKEN.

NO, I HAVE TO FIND
ANOTHER TRACK.

BUT WHICH ONE?
GOD, HOW I MISS
CHILDHOOD INNOCENCE...



...VIRGINIA, SWEET COUSIN,
YOUR CRYSTAL-CLEAR
LAUGHTER WOULD BE OF SO
MUCH HELP! WHO GIBBLINE
VIRTUES WOULD, WITHOUT A
DOUBT, PROVIDE VISIONS
WHICH WOULD HELP ME FIND
A SOLUTION TO MY
PRESENT AGONIES.

STAR LIGHT, STAR
BRIGHT, THE FIRST
STAR I SEE TONIGHT...

...I WISH I MAY, I WISH I
MIGHT, HAVE THE WISH I
WISH TONIGHT.



OH, THIS NURSERY
SONG, WHICH
IS AMONG YOUR
FAVORITES, IS SWEET
IN MY EARS.



WHEN I HEAR YOU SING,
I COULD...



CLAC

...WHAT?



HELL!





WAIT! COME
BACK!



EVILDOER!
I KNEW IT!



I KNEW I WASN'T
CRAZY!



I KNEW THAT
SOMEONE,
SOMEWHERE,
PULLED THE COORDS
OF THIS GROTESQUE
PUPPET THEATER!



THIS FARCE HAS
GONE ON FAR
TOO LONG!



YOU CAN'T HIDE, SHADOW
OF THE STREET! I WILL FIND
YOU! YOU HEAR ME? I WILL
FIND YOU!





THIS VILAIN IS A PLAGUE-
KING PEST...



...WHO FEEDS
ON MY RATS AND
CELESTIALS...



ONE DAY IT WILL BE HIS PLATE,
HIS REMAINS AND MY FOLK!



WHERE
ARE YOU?!

WHO SPEAKS?
SHOW YOUR-
SELF!!!

REMAIN CALM, EDGAR.
THINK CLEARLY.

ALL THIS IS ONLY A NIGHTMARE.
I'M SLEEPING, AND MY DUSK
MIND SINKS INTO THE MEANDERS
OF MY DEEPEST ANXIETIES.

IT'S NOT POSSIBLE THAT
I HEARD VOICES.

THINK TO ALLOW THIS
TO HAPPEN IN REAL
WORLD. IT SHOULD BE
ORCHESTRATED...

A PERSON
COULD
TORTURE ME.
BLACKMAIL ME.
TRY TO MANI-
PULATE ME.

BUT HOW DO YOU
REACH SUCH LEVEL OF
SOBRIIFICATION AND
PRECOGNITION?

NO, REALLY. SUCH MECHANISM
OF DESTRUCTION CAN ONLY BE
IMAGINED AND PRODUCED BY AN
EXTREMELY BRILLIANT BRAIN.

MIND IS CURRENTLY
DREAMING. THAT'S IT, IT
CAN'T BE ANYTHING
ELSE. IT HAS TO BE.

ON THE EDGE OF THE
ABYSS. A PLAGUE ON
THOSE WHO SUFFER.

...BECAUSE ON THE EDGE
OF THE ABYSS, HE
CHOKES AND COUGHS.

SHUT UP!

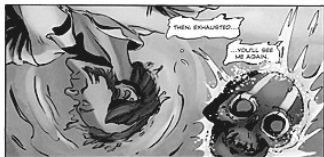
HE BELCHES BUT
FEELS THE PAIN.

PEACE!

PITY...

ON THE EDGE OF
THE ABYSS... WHO
GOT OUT AND
KIPPED BACK...

FOR GOOD.
DEVOLVED THE ONE
WHO SUFFERS.



ONE DAY PASSES...



A NEW SWORD
CAME...

TWO DAYS PASS...



A MAN IS FOUND
IN A WELL, LURID
DOWN LIKE A
PENGUIN!

THREE, FOUR DAYS, AND THE EARTH NEVER CEASES TO TURN...



...ANOTHER DEATH
DISCOVERED
WITHIN...



THE RED MASK OF
DEATH, FOUND
PRESSED INSIDE...

AGAIN AND
AGAIN...



All...

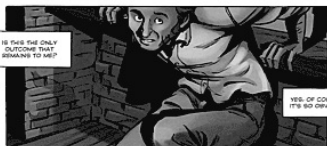
NOWODY CAN
AVOID IT.

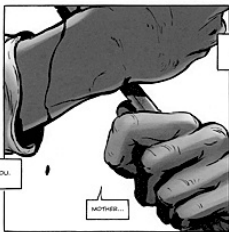
ALL THOSE
MURDERS
EVOKED FROM
NEAR OF ME,
MY WRITINGS.



WHY?









STAR LIGHT,
STAR BRIGHT, THE
FIRST STAR I SEE
TONIGHT...

TENDER
COUSIN.



...I WISH I MAY,
I WISH I MIGHT,
HAVE THE WISH
I WISH TONIGHT.



THE FRESHNESS OF YOUR
YOUTH, BURNING FREE AS
THE STAR WHICH YOU SING
ABOUT, IS THE ANTIDOTE
OF THE STENCH OF DEATH
THAT ENHALES FROM THE
MATERNAL BODY WHOSE
BREAST I LEFT A LONG
TIME AGO...

I MUST MOVE TO
SOMETHING ELSE...



RUN, RUN!
SWIFT CHILD!



YOUR ENERGY
INNOVATES ME.
IT OFFERS ME WHAT
I WAS MISSING.



A FUTURE...



...BY YOUR SIDE.









THANK YOU, OH,
WHIMSICAL FATE!



YOU LITTER MY PATH
OF FILTH, BUT ALL
THIS WALK TO BETTER
CONCEAL THE
TREASURE FOUND
AT THE END.



NOTHING AFTER THIS...



THAT'S RIGHT,
NOTHING...



...WILL PREVENT ME FROM
BEGINNING CONTROL.

THE FOLLOWING
MORNING.

OLD BOOK & PRINT SHOP

DELIVERING

M... MR. DODGE?
... I... WHAT CAN
I DO FOR YOU?

MR. SCOBAR,
HOW ARE YOU
THIS BEAUTIFUL
MORNING?

DID MY VISIT CAUSE
SUCH TREMORS OF
YOUR WORDS?

AHEM... IT'S BECAUSE
THE LAST TIME, WITH ALL
DUE RESPECT... WELL...
YOU WERE... NOW
WOULD I SAY...

OH, THAT?
YES, I SEE.

I WAS DISCOMF-
TIBLE, EVEN BLUD-
I ADMIT...

...PERHAPS A
BIT VIOLENT?

I HAD ANOTHER
MAN BACK THEN.

BUT THAT WAS
IN THE PAST.
LET'S LEAVE THAT
BEHIND! GIVE ME
200 OF YOUR MOST
BEAUTIFUL PAPER
SHEETS!







THERE... ONLY THREE SHORT STORIES, WHICH HAVEN'T BEEN USED AS BASE TO A CRIME, ARE RIGHT HERE IN MY HAND!



I WOULD LEAVE THESE THREE LAST CRIMES BE COMMITTED IF I WOULDN'T CARE ABOUT ALL THIS.

I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE VICTIMS.

NO, I'M WORRIED BECAUSE IT'S OBVIOUS THAT ALL THIS IS AIMED AT ME.

THAT'S NOT PARANOID, THE FACTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.



THE MURDERER IS ADDRESSING ME PERSONALLY.

HE DARES ME.



VERY WELL, MR. CRIME, I ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE!



I'M GOING TO BEGIN BY RATIONALIZING...

FORGET WHAT YOU SAW, EDGAR: SHADOWS, GHOSTS, MONSTERS...

...NOTHING OF THIS REALLY EXISTS.



HE'S ONLY A MAN WHO'S TRYING TO MAKE YOU LOSE YOUR MIND.

BUT CERTAINLY NOT MONSTERS!

QUESTION: HOW CAN ANYBODY KNOW ABOUT MY NOTES?

ANSWER: BY GETTING INSIDE MY HOUSE!

QUESTION: HOW DID THEY ENTER WITHOUT BREAKING IN?

ANSWER: WHEN THE DOOR IS OPEN WHEN I'M HERE.

QUESTION: HOW COULD I NOT SEE SOMEONE SNEAKING BEHIND ME?

ANSWER...

ANSWER...

HE'S AN ACROBAT!

YES, SOMEBODY AGILE ENOUGH AND TRAINED TO SLITHER IN HERE AND CLIMB THE CEILING WITHOUT MAKING ANY NOISE!

HIDDEN, HE HAD THE LEISURE TO COME AND READ MY NOTES DURING MY SLEEP OR DURING THE DAY, WHEN I HAD GONE OUT TO WORK!

HE ONLY REMAINED UNTIL I HAD ENTERED TO GET OUT.

AS AN ELUSIVE SHADOW.

WHAT IS THE MOTIVE? MY FIRST THOUGHT GOES TO AN AUTHOR WHOSE MANUSCRIPT I DOWNGRADED

IT'S POSSIBLE, BUT TO KILL SO MANY PEOPLE?

I DON'T THINK SO.

A JEALOUS LOVER LIKE MISTER MAGGILL?

HM... IT'S FAR-FETCHED, ESPECIALLY BECAUSE IT HAD TO BE DONE SEVERAL TIMES, CONSIDERING THE NUMBER OF PAGES HE HAD TO READ... IT'S NOT IMPORTANT...

LET'S ADMIT THAT I'M ON A TRACK... CONTINUE!

Modus Operandi

Scurr
Traits commun

NOW THAT I THINK OF IT, HE WAS ALWAYS ON THE ROOF TO OBSERVE THE COMINGS AND GOINGS OF HIS WIFE.

PERHAPS HE'S AGILE ENOUGH TO GET IN HERE. THAT FITS.

BUT WHEN I LOOK BACK AT THE STAGING OF THE MURDER, THE CIRCUMSTANCES THAT I HAVE OBSERVED...

...I COME TO A CONCLUSION THAT A SINGLE MAN WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ENOUGH TO BE IN SEVERAL PLACES AT THE SAME MOMENT.

MOREOVER, A SINGLE MAN CAN'T BE AT THE SAME TIME AGILE, ENDOWED WITH HERCULEAN STRENGTH TO MASSAGE HIS VICTIMS WITH BARE HANDS, AND BRILLIANT TO STAGE ALL THIS...

...WITHOUT SPEAKING ABOUT HIS HANDSOME AND MAKE-UP TALENTS!

WE'RE TALKING ABOUT A TRUE BANGLOIS CIRCUS EQUIPPED WITH FULL TEAM OF...

YES! OF COURSE! NOW I REMEMBER WHERE I'VE BEEN...



DEVIL-DEVIL FROM
A HIDING PLACE
YOU ARISE AND
YOUR SHADOW ON
US YOU CAST.



DEVIL-DEVIL YOU
SEAD AND ALL OF A
SUDDEN YOUR
NUMBERS REMANDS
US THAT IT'S THE
ONE OF THE BEAST.



DEVIL-DEVIL YOU
LANQUISH AND
SUDDENLY THERE
ARE OUR SOULS
YOU SEIZE



DEVIL-DEVIL
YOU PUNISH US
AND IN THE FIRE
OF DEVIATION
WE END UP.



BUZKA... BUZKA...



I WOULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SHOUT THIS. I SHOULD HAVE SHOUTED... BUT THEY DIDN'T LEAVE ME ENOUGH TIME. I'M DEAD AND I FIND MYSELF IN THE ANTECHAMBER OF THE DAMNED.

BLIND, I WAS ONE-EYED. I BECAME, WHEN I HAVE FINALLY BEEN CURSED OF MY BLINDNESS. IT WAS BETTER TO LOSE MY SIGHT.

I WAS OFFERED A GIFT AND I WASTED IT. MAYBE I DESERVE THIS MOST BITTER FATE.

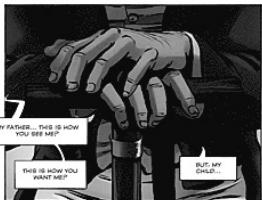


WHAT DO YOU THINK, FATHER?



FATHER...

...HOW LONG THAT YOU WOULD CALL ME SO...



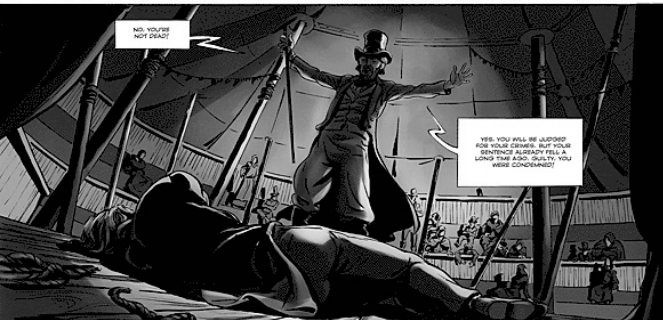
MY FATHER... THIS IS HOW YOU SEE ME?

THIS IS HOW YOU WANT ME?

BUT, MY CHILD...



...YOU WILL NEVER DESERVE ME?





GUILTY? ME? OF WHAT CRIMES? EXPLAIN THAT TO ME!



NOW THAT I'VE RECOVERED MY MIND, I REJECT YOUR ALLEGATIONS. YOU MUST BE ONE OF THOSE WHO I HAVE UNRAVISED.

IF I'M NOT DEAD, YOU KIDNAPPED ME. YOU GANG OF MURDERING MARAUDERS WHO KILL MISERABLE PEOPLE I CARE NOTHING ABOUT...



...YOU BLUNDER, YOU MASSACRE MY WORK!

TO ASSOCIATE MY STORIES WITH YOUR EXACTIONS IS A CRIME WORSE THAN ALL THAT YOU COULD BLAME ME, LOYAL LORD.



YES, IT'S THE NICKNAME WHICH YOU ATTACH TO THIS BORING PANTHROPE WHEN YOU STARE MY WRITINGS!

THIS IS THE CONCLUSION AT WHICH I HAVE ARRIVED THANKS TO THE FORCE OF MY PRODUCTIVE MIND. SINCE YOU REMOVE FANTASTIC AND PHANTASMAGORIC SURPASSANCE, ONLY ACROBATS HAD BEEN ABLE TO COMMIT WHAT I WITNESSED. TO ENTER MY HOME WITHOUT ME REALIZING IT FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE OF STEALING MY NOTES.

AND WHERE DO YOU FIND ACROBATS IF NOT IN A CIRCUS?



THIS IS THE TRUTH, GYPSIES! YOU FIT THE NAME THAT WE'VE MADE OF YOU: MERCILESS BLOODTHIRSTY SAVAGES!

YOU WHO CONSIDER YOURSELF BRILLIANT, YOU STILL BELIEVE IN FABLES AND OTHER NONSENSE.

BUT I GRANT YOU THIS: WE HAVE KILLED IN THIS STORY.

WE ACCEPT WHAT WE'VE DONE TO TAKE OUR REVENGE ON YOU.

WILL YOU ACCEPT YOUR SHARE OF RESPONSIBILITY, MR. POPE?



WATCH THIS: LET THE SHOW BEGIN!

ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE CIRCUS OF SHADOWS, TWO ACROBATS WHOSE FLAMBOYANT LOVE WAS MATCHED ONLY BY EXCITING NUMBERS, PERFORMED EVERY EVENING BEFORE THE AMAZED AUDIENCE.

THEIR LIFE WAS EVERY TIME PUT IN BALANCE FOR THE PLEASURE OF RICH PEOPLE WHO WERE LOOKING FOR A SHIVER WHICH THEY WERE INCAPABLE TO GIVE THEMSELVES.

LIFE IS NOTHING, ME, JOE, AND ME. CIRCUS PEOPLE KNEW THIS WELL.

THAT'S WHY EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON BLIND CONFIDENCE AROUND HERE. IT'S WHAT BINDS US TOGETHER MORE THAN ANY OTHER FAMILY.

IT'S ALWAYS A BLESSING WHEN A CHILD IS BORN.

A LIVING SYMBOL OF OUR INDISTINGUISHABLE LINKS.

BUT SOMETIMES...

THE BLESSING GOES FURTHER. A CHILD IS BORN AND HE CARRIES THE PROMISE OF A DIFFERENT WORLD.

WHAT DOES THIS HAVE TO DO WITH ME? I HAVE ENOUGH OF THIS FAIR!

SILENCE!!!

DESPITE OUR COMMITMENT TO OUR PROFESSION, WE ALL CARRY THE DESIRE TO CLIMB TO THE TOP OF THE SOCIAL LADDER.

AND THIS IS WHAT FAILED TO HAPPEN THANKS TO THEM.

MY NEWBORN... HE WOULD
NEVER BECOME AN ACTORAT,
NOR JUGGLER, NOR FARMER,
NOR CLOWN, NO, HIS
CONTEMPORARY ART WAS
LANGUAGE AND WORDS

A RAW TALENT, CONTRASTY
TO OURS, WHICH PROMISED
TO OPEN DOORS TO HIGH
SOCIETY WHICH ONLY
RECOGNIZED ITS PEERS.

MOVED BY THE
BLINDING DESIRE
THAT THE WORLD
FINALLY WELCOME
HIS TALENTS, HE SENT
YOU HIS STORIES.

YOU DESTROYED
THE DREAMS OF OUR
CHILD... MY DREAM,
OUR DREAM!

THIS IS
WHERE DESTINY
CAPTURED US,
AND YOU...

...MISTER
POE!

IS... IS THIS
THE THING?

ALL THIS, ALL THOSE DEATHS,
THIS CONVULSED PLAN FOR A
STORY OF KING'S REVENGE WHOSE
NOTES I CRITICIZED!

HA HA HA



MY GOD!



YES. CONTEMPLATE YOUR WORK. IT'S ACTUALLY FUNNY, ISN'T IT?

THIS CARCASS THAT HANDS ABOVE YOU IS TRULY THIS CHILD, HUNG BY YOU!



BUT ALL THIS WASN'T JUST BECAUSE OF A LOST SON! IT'S FOR A BROTHER, A COUSIN, AN UNCLE, A HUSBAND, A FATHER, A GRANDSON, EVEN A FRIEND. YOU DON'T MAKE ONE VICTIM. YOU DID TENS OF THEM!

AND EACH DEMANDS VENGEANCE! EACH DEMANDS THE PRICE OF BLOOD!



YES, WE KILLED. YES, WE TOOK LIVES!

HIGHER CLASS PEOPLE WHO ALWAYS HAD EVERYTHING, WHILE WE HAD NOTHING.

BUT THEY DIDN'T DIE FOR NOTHING. EACH IS PART OF THE PUZZLE WHICH WE SET UP TO MAKE YOU PAY.



WE DIED THAT DAY WHEN MY NEPHEW GOT LOST. WE LOST OUR REASON FOR EXISTING AND WE CLOSED THIS CIRCUS.

SINCE THEN WE HAVE PUT IN PLACE WHAT BINDS US HERE TODAY TO TALK ABOUT.



WHY NOT SIMPLY KILL ME, RATHER THAN TAKE OUT THE INDIVIDUALS?



BECAUSE WE WANTED MORE THAN YOUR DEATH. WE WANT TO TAKE WHAT YOU HELP CLOSE TO YOUR HEART.



I KNOW YOUR DEEPEST SECRETS, MR. POL. THE SLIGHTEST OF YOUR ANXIETIES, THE FINEST OF YOUR DESIRES, AND MORE THAN EVERYTHING, I KNOW YOUR WORST NIGHTMARES!

HOW?

YOU HAVE TO KNOW THAT OUR PRODIGY HAD ALSO LOST HIS MOTHER, MY SWEET WIFE. HE RECALD YOUR CONFESSIONS AT LADY HYDE WHERE HE WENT TO CONSULT. JUST LIKE YOU.

THAT'S WHERE HE PERSUADED HIMSELF THAT YOU WOULD CERTAINLY BE SENSITIVE TO HIS WHISTLING!

WHAT A MISTAKE! THE 'FEARFUL' HAPPENED AND THE EARLIER THAT I AM BECAME OBSESSED BY THE IDEA OF FINDING A WAY TO TAKE REVENGE ON YOU.

IT WAS MY TURN TO LISTEN TO THE SLIGHTEST PART OF YOUR CONFESSIONS. DRESSING LADY HYDE THE HUSBAND SHE DESIRED IN ORDER TO LET ME CONTINUE MY LITTLE 'MERRY-GO-ROUND'!

MISTER MORQUE LEFT THE CIRCUS TO TAKE RESIDENCE IN HER HOME.

I DON'T JUDGE PEOPLE'S MORALITY ABOUT THEIR TASTE. BUT I HAD AN ALLY IN PLACE AND A GOOD WAY TO SILENT THE LADY BEFORE SHE REVEALED ANYTHING TO YOU.

MY GOD, MISTERS MORQUE IS A... A MONKEY?!

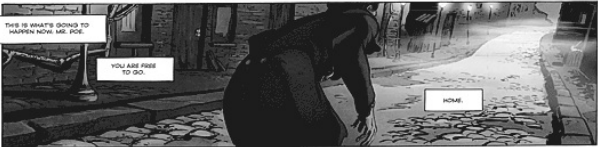
DON'T SHOW PROOF OF SENTIMENTALITY. DO YOU THINK THAT YOUR ANTICS WITH THE ONE WHO BROKE TO YOU LIKE YOUR MOTHER ARE ANY LESS NAUSEATING?!

BUT YOUR PERSEVERANCE WERE OF NO HELP, NO...

YOUR WEAK POINT WAS DISCOVERED MUCH LATER.

YOUR 'ACHILLES' HEEL: THE ANKLELAX STONE, OF YOUR PERSONALITY. YOUR MENTAL INTEGRITY. IS...

...YOUR WORK.



THIS IS WHAT'S GOING TO
HAPPEN NOW, MR. POE.

YOU ARE FREE
TO GO.

HOME.



BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO
LIVE, NOT WITH THESE
DEATHS ON YOUR
CONSCIENCE, BUT
WITH DOUBT.



YOUR EGO
CAN'T BEAR
THIS!

TO THINK THAT EDGAR
ALLAN POE WAS "INSPIRED"
BY VARIOUS FACTS TO
WRITE HIS STORIES WILL
BE A TORMENT THAT WILL
DESTROY YOUR SOUL.



YES, THE COURT, THE
HAUNTING FEAR THAT
ONE DAY YOU WILL
PUBLISH YOUR STORIES
THAT ONLY YOU AND
I HAVE READ SO FAR...



...AND SOMEBODY
WILL MAKE THE CON-
NECTION BETWEEN
THE TITLE AND MYST
MURDERS... OR NOT!



TERRIBLE UNCERTAINTY
WHICH WILL REPRODUCE IN
EVERY NEW PUBLICATION,
EVERY NEW STORY!



A PUNISHMENT
WORSE THAN
DEATH.



ISN'T THE SUSPICION
OF PLAGIARISM THE
MOST UNDESIRABLE
THING FOR AN
ARTIST OR A
WRITER??

ON, OF COURSE, YOU
COULD REPORT US
TO THE POLICE, BUT
YOU WON'T.

IT WOULD CONDEMN YOUR
STORIES THAT WE USED, AND YOU
LIKE THEM TOO MUCH AS THEY ARE
PART OF YOUR SHADOW.

YOU WILL KEEP THIS SECRET
FOR YOURSELF BECAUSE YOU
KNOW THAT IF YOU REPORT US,
HISTORY WILL CONTAIN ONLY
THIS ABOUT EDGAR ALLAN POE:
AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR WHO
WAS INSPIRED BY THE HORRIBLE
SERIES OF MURDERS!

THEY WOULD
QUOTE YOU LIKE
THIS IN EACH
PUBLICATION, YOU
WILL NEVER TAKE
SUCH RISK.

THEN YOU ARE GOING TO
LIVE, PERHAPS EVEN MARRY
THIS COUSIN WHO
CAPTURED YOUR HEART.
ALTHOUGH SHE'S STILL
ONLY A CHILD.

WHO'S A
CRIMINAL,
MR. POE?

EVERYTHING
IS A MATTER OF
PERSPECTIVE.

YOU WILL GET OLD, AND
WITH EACH PUBLICATION
THE HAUNTING THAT SOMEHOW
WILL MAKE THE LINK WILL BE
MORE AND MORE PRESENT.
THE RISK MORE AND MORE
UNMEASURABLE, BECAUSE YOUR
DOWNWARD WORK COULD
COLLAPSE WITH A SNAP
OF A FINGER.

YOUR LIFE
WILL BE A
CALVARY.

EVEN THE LOSS
OF YOUR LOVED
ONES WILL HAVE
LITTLE EFFECT IN
CONVICTION.

VIRGINIA CLEMENS POE
AUGUST 15, 1822
JANUARY 30, 1847

YOU WILL WANT TO CALM
YOUR SPIRIT, SUBJECTED TO
TORTURE FOR SO MANY
YEARS, IN SECRET.

AND THEN ONE
DAY, YOU WON'T
BE ABLE TO STAND
IT ANYMORE.

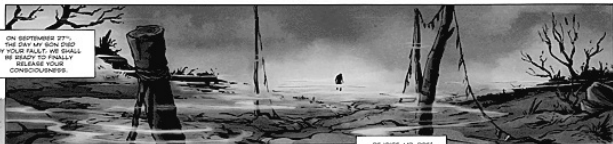
THEN YOU'LL
KNOW WHAT
TO DO.





YOU'LL COME TO
THE ADVENTURE
I WENT TODAY.

HERE, IN THE MARSHES
OF BAL-FACE. EVERY
YEAR, THE SAME DATE...
WE'LL BE WAITING.



ON SEPTEMBER 27TH,
THE DAY MY SON DIED
BY YOUR FAULT, WE SHALL
BE READY TO FINALLY
RELEASE YOUR
CONSCIOUSNESS.

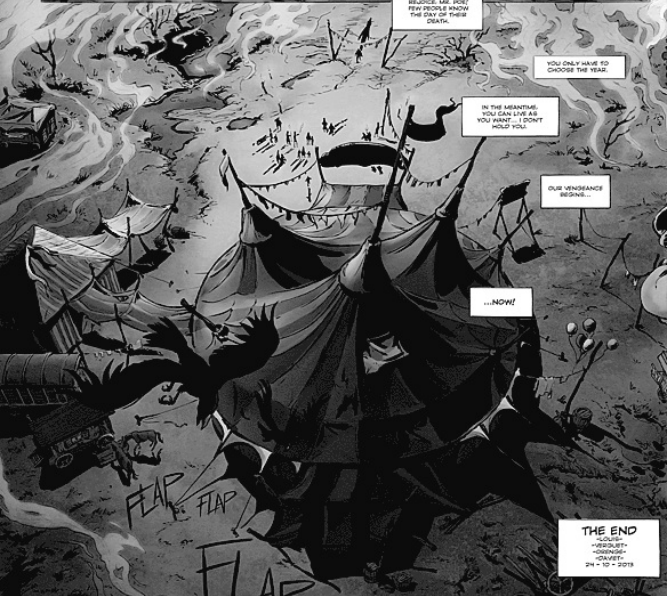
REJOICE, MR. ROE!
FEW PEOPLE KNOW
THE DAY OF THEIR
DEATH.

YOU ONLY HAVE TO
CHOOSE THE YEAR.

IN THE MEANTIME,
YOU CAN LIVE AS
YOU WANT... I DON'T
HOLD YOU.

OUR VENGEANCE
BEGINS...

...NOW!



FLAP FLAP

FLAP

THE END

—LOUIS—
—REQUIET—
—HONOR—
—DAVEY—

24 - 10 - 2015





EDGAR ALLAN POE HAUNTING

BOSTON 1827.

Edgar Allan Poe is not yet a famous writer that history will remember... For the time being, he's a harsh critic at the Boston Chronicles, a detestable and embittered being who writes stories late at night.

His sordid life without interest is thrown over in horror when one morning, a murder in one of the newspapers, shows similarities with one of his stories still in the process of writing. He's the only one who knows about it.

What does it mean?

Can he be the author of these massacres?

When the experience will be repeated the next day, then two days later, and again and again, Edgar's live will descend into hell.

1800

